

Thou art at ese, and holde thee wel therinne.
for also seur as reed is every fyr,
As greet a craft is kepe wel as winne;
Brydle alwey wel thy speche and thy desyr.
for worldly joye halt not but by a wyr;
That preveth wel, it brest alday so ofte;
forthy nede is to werke with it softe.

Quod Troilus: I hope, and God toforn,
My dere frend, that I shal so me bere,
That in my gilt ther shal no thing be lorn,
Ne I nil not rake as for to greven here;
It nedeth not this matere ofte tere;
for wistestow myn herte wel, Pandare,
God woot, of this thou woldest litel care.

Tho gan he telle him of his glade night.
And wherof first his herte dredde, and how,
And seyde: freend, as I am trewe knight,
And by that feyth I shal to God and yow,
I hadde it never half so hote as now;
And ay the more that desyr me byteth
To love hir best, the more it me delyteth.

Inoot myself not wisly what it is;
But now I fele a newe qualitee,
Ye, al another than I dide er this.
Pandare answerde, and seyde thus, that he
That ones may in hevne blisse be,
He feleth other weyes, dar I leye,
Than thilke tyme he first herde of it seye.

This is o word for al; this Troilus
Was never ful, to speke of this matere,
And for to preysen unto Pandarus
The bountee of his righte lady dere,
And Pandarus to thanke and maken chere.
This tale ay was spannewe to biginne
Til that the night departed hem atwinne.

Sone after this, for that fortune it wolde,
Icomen was the blisful tyme swete,
That Troilus was warned that he sholde,
Ther he was erst, Criseyde his lady mete;
for which he felte his herte in joye flete;
And feythfully gan alle the goddes herie;
And lat see now if that he can be merie.

And holden was the forme and al the wyse,
Of hir cominge, and eek of his also,
As it was erst, which nedeth nought devyse.
But playnly to the effect right for to go,
In joye and seurte Pandarus hem two
Abedde broughte, whan hem bothe leste,
And thus they ben in quiete and in reste.

Nought nedeth it to yow, sin they ben met,
To aske at me if that they blythe were;
for if it erst was wel, tho was it bet
A thousandfold, this nedeth not enquire.
Agon was every sorwe and every fere;
And bothe, ywis, they hadde, and so they wende,
As muche joye as herte may comprende.

This is no litel thing of for to seye,
This passeth every wit for to devyse;
for eche of hem gan othres lust obeye;
felicitee, which that thise clerkes wyse
Commenden so, ne may not here suffyse.
This joye may not writen ben with inke,
This passeth al that herte may bithinke.

But cruel day, so welaway the stounde!
Gan for to aproche, as they by signes knewe,
for whiche hem thoughte felen dethes wounde;
So wo was hem, that changen gan hir hewe,
And day they gonnen to dispyse al newe,
Calling it traytour, envyous, and worse,
And bitterly the dayes light they curse.

Quod Troilus: Alas! now am I war
That Pirous and tho swifte stedes thre,
Whiche that drawen forth the sonnes char,
Han goon som bypath in despyt of me;
That maketh it so sone day to be;
And, for the sonne him hasteth thus to ryse,
Ne shal I never doon him sacrifise!

But nedes day departe moste hem sone,
And whanne hir speche doon was and hir chere,
They twinne anon as they were wont to done,
And setten tyme of meting eft yfere;
And many a night they wroughte in this manere.
And thus fortune a tyme ladde in joye
Criseyde, and eek this kinges sone of Troye.

In suffisaunce, in blisse, and in singinges,
This Troilus gan al his lyf to lede;
He spendeth, justeth, maketh festeynges;
He yeveth frely ofte, and chaungeth wede,
And held aboute him alwey, out of drede,
A world of folk, as cam him wel of kinde,
The freshest and the beste he coude fynde;

That swich a voys was of hym and a stevene
Thorougout the world, of honour and largesse,
That it up rong unto the yate of hevne.
And, as in love, he was in swich gladnesse,
That in his herte he demede, as I gesse,
That there nis lovener in this world at ese
So wel as he, and thus gan love him plesse.

The godlihed or beautee which that kinde
In any other lady hadde yset
Can not the mountaunce of a knot unbinde,
Aboute his herte, of al Criseydes net.
He was so narwe ymasked and yknet,
That it undon on any manere syde,
That nil not been, for ought that may betyde.

And by the bond ful ofte he wolde take
This Pandarus, and into gardin lede,
And swich a feste and swich a proces make
Him of Criseyde, and of hir womanhede,
And of hir beautee, that, withouten drede,
It was an hevne his wordes for to here;
And thanne he wolde singe in this manere.

Love, that of erthe and see bath governaunce,
Love, that his hestes bath in hevne hye,
Love, that with an holsom alliaunce
Halt peples joyned, as him lest hem gye,
Love, that knetteth lawe of companye,
And couples doth in vertu for to dwelle,
Bind this acord, that I have told and telle;

That that the world with feyth, which that is
stable,
Oyverseth so his stoundes concordinge,
That elements that been so discordable
Holden a bond perpetuely duringe,
That Phebus mote his rosy day forth bringe,
And that the mone hath lordship over the
nights,
Al this doth Love; ay heried be his mightes!

That that the see, that gredy is to flowen,
Constreyneth to a certeyn ende so
his flodes, that so fersly they ne growen
To drenchen erthe and al for evermo;
And if that Love ought lete his brydel go,
Al that now loveth asonder sholde lepe,
And lost were al, that Love halt now tohepe.

So wolde God, that auctor is of kinde,
That, with his bond, Love of his vertu liste
To cerlen hertes alle, and faste binde,
That from his bond no wight the wey out wiste.
And hertes colde, hem wolde I that he twiste
To make hem love, and that hem leste ay rewe
On hertes sore, and kepe hem that ben trewe.

In alle nedes, for the tounes werre,
he was, and ay the firste in armes dight;
And certeynly, but if that bokes erre,
Save Ector, most ydrad of any wight;
And this encrees of hardinesse and might
Cam him of love, his ladies thank to winne,
That altered his spirit so withinne.

In tyme of trewe, on haukinge wolde he ryde,
Or elles huntun boor, bere, or lyoun;
The smale bestes leet he gon bisyde.

And whan that he com rydinge into toun,
ful ofte his lady, from hir window doun,
As fresh as faucon comen out of muwe,
ful redy was, him goodly to saluwe.

And most of love and vertu was his speche,
And in despyt hadde alle wrecchednesse;
And doutelees, no nede was him biseche
To honouren hem that hadde worthinesse,
And esen hem that weren in distresse.
And glad was he if any wight wel ferde,
That lover was, whan he it wiste or herde.

for sooth to seyn, he lost held every wight
But if he were in loves heigh servyse,
I mene folk that oughte it been of right.
And over al this, so wel coude he devyse
Of sentement, and in so unknouth wyse
Al his array, that every lover thoughte,
That al was wel, whatso he seyde or wroughte.

And though that he be come of blood royal,
him liste of pryde at no wight for to chase;
Benigne he was to ech in general,
for which he gat him thank in every place.
Thus wolde Love, yheried be his grace,
That Pryde, Envy, Ire, and Avaryce
He gan to flee, and every other vyce.

Thou lady bright, the doughter to Dione,
Thy blinde and winged sone eek, daun Cupyde;
Ye sustren nyne eek, that by Elicone
In hil Parnaso listen for to abyde,
That ye thus fer han deyned me to gyde,
I can no more, but sin that ye wol wende,
Ye heried been for ay, withouten ende!

Thourgh yow have I seyde fully in my song
Cheffect and joye of Troilus servyse,
Al be that ther was som disese among,
As to myn auctor listeth to devyse.
My thridde book now ende ich in this wyse;
And Troilus in luste and in quiete
Is with Criseyde, his owne herte swete.

Explicit Liber Tercius.